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THE IMPERIAL TOURISTS.

Tour of Their Imperial Highnesses the Archdukes John and Lewis of Austria.

(Continued.)

THE Chesterfield road, which we took, leads through a barren country; instead of the pleasant green hedges, which made the country so agreeable, we met here with stone walls. No trees are to be seen, and only a few single houses, at great distances from each other. As you approach Chesterfield, the scene is rendered more animated, by the numerous iron works and forges. As night came on, the flames, bursting from the openings of the chimneys, afforded a singular spectacle.

Chesterfield contains many iron-works. The county of Derby produces, in all, fifteen or sixteen thousand tons of iron annually: the ore is washed, and then melted in the furnaces, with an addition of lime: all this is done with coke. In the neighbourhood of Chesterfield, we saw a course, designed for horse-racing. In these parts they cover the houses with a kind of slate, which is nothing more than a hardened clay, or marl.

On the 11th we arrived at Sheffield. This town lies in a fine valley, surrounded by well-cultivated hills, and at the conflux of two rivers, the Sheaf and the Don. All the great foundries are on the banks of rivers. The town is enveloped in a thick black smoke, proceeding from the numerous forges. We visited a coal mine, a mile and a half from the town. The iron ore lies under the coal, and is worked in a valley, at the foot of the hill which contains the coal. Farther on are stone quarries, which furnish a kind of stone here called *gonesta*, and which is sold at a high price, for house building and road making. On the day of our arrival, we visited several of the most important manufactories; among others, the foundry of Mr. Smith, which is peculiarly worthy of attention. The whole process in it, from the melting and clearing of the iron, to the preparation and tempering of the steel, is performed by machinery. In one manufactory, where silvered iron wire of all kinds is prepared, we saw a process for covering

VOL. II.

the wire with silver, which deserves to be noticed. Copper cylinders are made, two feet long, and two inches and a half in diameter; then a hollow silver cylinder of the same diameter is made; this is white-seethed with acids, and the copper covered with it; they are united in the fire, polished, and then drawn into wire of the thickness desired.

The 12th was Sunday, and we visited the Lancasterian School, erected four years ago by subscription. It is a charity school, and the children are divided into two halls, one for boys, and the other for girls. Each hall contains five hundred scholars. This method of instruction in reading and writing is now sufficiently known. These schools are most beneficial institutions, which supply a great desideratum in the education of the people, which has been hitherto too much neglected. We went also to the Methodist chapel, which, from its size, may well be called a church. The interior is very plain, furnished with benches, and with galleries all round. There is no altar in it, and the pulpit stands in the place where the high altar is situated in Catholic churches.

Out of the town is an hospital for fifty patients, which is kept with the greatest care and cleanliness. Besides the patients received in the hospital, the poor in the neighbourhood receive medicines gratis. This fine establishment was raised by subscription; one subscriber, who did not let his name be known, contributed alone 600*l*. Besides this hospital, there is a larger one in the town itself, which sometimes receives, feeds, and clothes, two hundred poor. They receive soup, meat, potatoes, and four times a week beer. The support of this establishment costs annually 15,000*l*. and is defrayed out of the poor rates. There are several similar, but less considerable, establishments, for the benefit of the poor in this town.

On our way back to our inn, we went into a Quaker's meeting. It is nothing but a large hall, with white-washed walls; on three sides there is a gallery, and benches stand partly along the walls, partly in the middle of the chapel. The women sit on the right hand, and the men on the left.

Opposite the entrance, there are some benches, on which several persons of both sexes are seated, who are probably elders. Profound silence prevailed in the chapel, and the whole assembly had their eyes fixed upon the ground. We stopped a pretty considerable time, but as nobody got up to preach, we retired.

On the 13th, we again spent the whole day in visiting manufactories, of which the following seemed to us the most remarkable. A carpet manufactory employed four and twenty looms, and a hundred and twenty persons. A single steam-engine puts in motion all the machinery: 1st, for spinning the wool for this carpet manufactory; 2d, for an establishment for polishing glass; 3d, for a manufactory of metal wire; and 4th, for a manufactory of plated silver. We heard that large quantities of Bohemian glass are polished in England, and then sold for English. We saw also a great establishment for sharpening and polishing cutlery: the buildings belonging to it contain a hundred rooms.

One great establishment is entirely employed for grinding glasses for optical instruments. In another, screws, nails, and files, are manufactured. In a great manufactory in Roscoe Square, fine steel articles of all kinds are manufactured, grates, stoves, with the apparatus belonging to them, &c. In the manufactory of plated goods of Messrs. Smith, Tale, Nicholson, and Houlst, a part of the process was shewn us: the plated articles made here are very elegant.

Besides the numerous great manufactories, there are in Sheffield various establishments where knives, razors, pen-knives, optical and surgical instruments, &c. are made. The saws are excellent, and so also are the razors. The workmen are very well paid and fed; they have five meals a day.

Sheffield is, for iron wares, one of the most important commercial towns in England. They shewed us here patterns of various fine articles, arranged on pattern cards, which the commissioners take to the fairs on the Continent, from which they return home to execute the orders they have received.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Capt. Hall's Voyage to Loo-Choo, &c.

In our last we promised to accompany Capt. Hall in his most interesting visit to Loo-Choo, and we have pleasure in redeeming our pledge. On the 13 September the expedition passed Sulphur Island, (a volcano emitting a white smoke and strong smell of sulphur) at which they were prevented from landing by the weather. It furnishes a striking view as the frontispiece to the volume before us. In two days after they reached Loo-Choo, and soon anchored off an extensive town called Napakiang. Here they found the natives gentle and kind; and that their Chinese servant could be understood as an interpreter, which was not the case at Corea, or the Korean Archipelago. A friendly, though at first timid intercourse on the part of the Loo-Chooans was speedily established, and visits were mutually interchanged between the ships and the shore, through which our countrymen obtained some insight into the manners and customs of this peculiarly amiable and patriarchal people.

Their dress is singularly graceful; it consists of a loose flowing robe, with very wide sleeves, tied round the middle by a broad rich belt or girdle of wrought silk, a yellow cylindrical cap, and a neat straw sandal over a short cotton boot or stocking. They all carry fans, which they stick in their girdle when not in use, and each person has a short tobacco pipe in a small bag, hanging along with the pouch, at the girdle.

The variety of colour and pattern in the dresses is remarkable. Many wear printed cottons, others have cotton dresses, with the pattern drawn on it by hand, instead of being stamped; but blue, in all its shades, is the prevalent colour, though there were many dresses resembling, in every respect, Highland tartans. The children, in general, wear more showy dresses than the men. Every person has one of the girdles before described, which is always of a different colour from the dress, and is in general richly ornamented with flowers in embossed silk, and sometimes with gold and silver threads.

Even the lowest boatmen have a picturesque appearance. Their hair, which is of a glossy black, is shaved off the crown, but the bare place is concealed by their mode of dressing the hair in a close knot over it. Their beards and mustaches are allowed to grow, and are kept neat and smooth. They are rather low in stature, but are well formed, and have an easy graceful carriage, which suits well with

their flowing dress. Their colour is not good, some being very dark, and others nearly white, but in most instances they are of a deep copper. This is fully compensated by the sweetness and intelligence of their countenance. Their eyes, which are black, have a placid expression, and their teeth are regular and beautifully white.

The dress of the women, who were, however, kept so perceptibly out of the way of our tars, that they only saw them at a distance, by means of their spy-glasses, (the powers of which were unknown to the natives) differs from that of the men, and is in some instances so short as to reach only to the knee.

The manners even of the lowest classes are genteel and becoming; their curiosity is great, but it never makes them rudely inquisitive. Their language is musical, and in most cases easy of pronunciation.

Among their customs we may cite that noticed in a village about ten miles from Napakiang, of tattooing the arms with rude figures, resembling fish spears, and other marks. Only one person was seen with a ring on his finger; but as they have a name for the ring-finger, the fashion of wearing such ornaments is probably more common. White robes are worn for mourning: hogs are sacrificed at the tomb, and spirits burnt. The flesh of the animal is distributed. But we shall more distinctly advert to their funeral ceremonies hereafter. The chiefs are usually attended by boys, their sons,

Whose business it is to carry a little square box, in which there are several small drawers, divided into compartments, filled with rice, sliced eggs, small squares of smoked pork, cakes and fish; and in one corner a small metal pot of sackee, besides cups and chopsticks. By having this always with them they can dine when and where they choose. They frequently invited us (the British) to dine with them, and if we agreed to the proposal, they generally asked any other of the chiefs whom they met, to be of the party, and join diners. The place selected for these pic-nics is commonly under the trees, in a cool spot, where a mat is spread on the grass; and every thing being laid out in great order, the party lies down in a circle, and seldom breaks up till the sackee pot is empty.

It is singular that, with such pastoral habits, they never taste milk; nor would they eat cheese, on account of its being made of that article. They play several games; the forfeit being invariably, as it appeared to the travellers, one of their little cups of wine.

One person holds the stalk of his tobacco-pipe between the palms of his hands, so that the pipe rolls round as he moves his

hands, which he is to hold over his head, so as not to see them. After turning it round for a short time, he suddenly stops, and the person to whom the bowl is directed, has to drink a cup of wine. Another is a Chinese game: one person holds his hand closed over his head, he then brings it quickly before him, with one or more fingers extended; the person he is playing with calls out the number of them, and if he guesses right, he has to drink the cup of wine.

These innocent games are worthy of this amiable people. Another of their pastimes is thus described:

Before leaving the cabin they shewed us a Loo-Choo dance round the table. Madera (a fine character) placed himself at the head before Ookooma, while the others ranged themselves in a line behind him: he began by a song, the air of which was very pretty, and nearly at the same time commenced the dance, which consisted principally of throwing the body into a variety of postures, and twisting the hands about. Sometimes the hands were placed flat together, at others separate, but generally the former; the movements both of the body and hands were regular, and of a waving description. The head was made to incline slowly from side to side, so as almost to touch the shoulders; the feet were moved with a slight shuffling motion, with an occasional long sweeping step to one side and then back again; but the perfection of the dance appeared to be in the proper use of the hands and body. The words of the song were: 'sasa sang-coomah, sangcoomae ah! sangcoomae ah! kadee yopshee daw;' when they came to the last word they all joined in the chorus, and clapped their hands. In this way they went several times round the table.

Having proceeded to the upper-deck, where our jolly tars were similarly employed, and the ship illuminated:—

After watching the dance of the sailors for a few minutes, Madera, who, to use a common phrase, 'was up to every thing,' ran among the sailors, and seizing one of them by the shoulders, put him out of the dance, took his place, and kept up the reel with the same spirit, and exactly in the same style and step as the sailors. The other dances were left off, and the whole ship's company assembling round Madera, cheered and clapped him till the dance was done. The chiefs joined in the applause, seeming no less surprised than ourselves at Madera's skill, for his imitation of the sailors' odd steps and gestures was as exact as if he had lived among sailors all his life. The officers then danced a country dance, after which the chiefs, unasked, and with a sort of intuitive politeness, which rendered every thing they did appropriate, instantly stepped forward and danced several times round the quarter-deck, to the infinite gratification of the sailors.

We love to dwell on these pleasing scenes, and almost feel ourselves par-

* It is curious that their name for tobacco is the same as ours.

participants in actions described in so lively and touching a manner.—The voyagers—

"Saw no musical instruments of any kind; they were however aware of their use. The natives almost all sing, and we heard several very sweet airs, principally plaintive: they had many jovial drinking songs, one of which we wrote down from their singing; it was inscribed on a drinking cup, and is as follows:

Ty' wack koo, tawshoo, shee kackooing,
Chaw ung, itchee shaw, shooha neebooroo;
Ting shee, you byee, chee taroo shoo nimnee
Nooboo cadsee meecce carra shaw jeeroo
Shing coodee sackee oochee noo shing.

"The Chinese characters on the drinking cup were thus translated in China, 'Ty wack hoo (a man celebrated in the Tung dynasty for his convivial disposition, and known in China by the name of Jai-pe) inspired by a jar of wine, writes an hundred pages of odes or verses without end. At the market-town of Chaw-ung (Caang-ngan in China, near the great wall) he entered a wine shop to sleep. The Emperor summoned him to appear: in his haste to obey the summons, he forgot to put on his neck-cloth, and rushing into the royal presence, exclaimed, 'I am the wine-loving Immortal!'"

Such are the Loo-Choo and Chinese Anacronisms. The cadence of the verse seems musical in reading, and we dare say Braham could set it to very captivating notes.

Of the literature of Loo-Choo, few satisfactory accounts could be obtained.

"They say that they have few books in their own language, the greater number on the island being Chinese. The young men of rank are sometimes sent to China to be educated. None but the upper classes understand the spoken Chinese, and the peasantry are in general ignorant both of the spoken and written Chinese language."

From the means taken by our officers to learn their language, especially by Mr. Clifford, whose acquisitions within so short a space of time seem to be wonderful, some whimsical situations arose. Whenever natives came on board they were treated with cherry-brandy and constantia, and the vocabulary enriched by their contribution of new words in return, of which they took great pains to teach the true pronunciation. One of these lessons is thus described:—

"One man, however, who was not so quick as they generally are, was in the cabin to-day for some time; Mr. Clifford was getting from him the Loo-Choo words for sour, sweet, salt, &c.; and in order to make him comprehend the questions, made him taste different things that were sour, sweet, and so on: the poor fellow stood this very well, till some quassia was given

to him to get the word *bitter*; he had no sooner tasted it, than he ran off quite astonished at the manner in which he had been entertained."

As we tried their novelties, so did they try ours. One of the chiefs would get a pair of gloves for an experiment.—

"With the right one he succeeded very well, but the nails of his left hand being about an inch long, he found it not so easy a matter: he seemed to think them the oddest things he had met with; and laughing much, held them up repeatedly to the other chiefs."

Yet they have the great toe in their stockings cut out in the same way. Another incident may be applied universally to and by all persons who are apt to fancy themselves wiser than their neighbours.—

"We amused them by lighting their pipes with a burning glass; but one old gentleman, who suspected some trick, and did not join in the surprise shewn by the rest, held out his hand that it might be exposed to the focus; and he was soon undeceived, to the great amusement of the circle."

Finding our review of this delightful work exceed the limits within which we thought it might be compressed, we must defer its further prosecution; assured that if our analysis imparts a tye of the pleasure to the public, which we have derived from the perusal of the whole volume, there will be no complaint against the extension of our plan. For the present, we close with one amusing and characteristic anecdote. At an entertainment given to the British by the Prince—

"Ookooma (who presided at the officers' table) having remarked on board that whenever the king's health was drank, whether His Majesty of England or of Loo-Choo, the cups were always freely emptied; took advantage of this loyalty of sentiment, and gave 'The King of Injeree's health' three or four times over, to which of course the officers were obliged to reply, by giving 'The King of Loo-Choo' as often. He carried this rather farther than is customary with us on similar occasions; for observing that the company were rather backward in eating a bowl of sweet rice-meal porridge, he stood up with his bowl in his hand, and calling out 'King of Injeree health!' swallowed the whole of it, and invited the rest to follow his example."

Horace Walpole's Letters, from 1736 to 1770.

We resume our application to this very amusing work, the vivacity and unbounded freedom of which, adds a charm to what would, without these

graces, be highly interesting in many literary points of view, as well as in that of a descriptive and characteristic sketch of the higher classes of society and fashionable manners, in the era to which it belongs. Walpole, almost as selfish as Fontenelle, reminds us constantly of that author. He is playful, satirical, humorous; his knowledge of life considerable, his perceptions acute, and his pursuits calculated always to entertain, and often to convey information on subjects of arts, literature, and science. His correspondence forms so complete a melange of politics, anecdote, scandal, intelligence, wit, and criticism, that we could not, if we would, digest it into anything like a systematic analysis. Perhaps it will be fully as agreeable to follow the rambling course of the letters. The early days of Methodism are thus alluded to, after mentioning that the Duke of Cumberland had arrived (1748.)

"Gumley, who you know has grown methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde-park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, he hoped it was not by the *new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's at Chelsea: my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend, my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him. What will you say that next winter he is not run after instead of Garrick?"

Garrick is no favourite with our author, and he rarely misses an opportunity of cutting at him. He is not astonished that he and Colman write badly together, since they write so ill separately. He allows him to be a good actor, but reviles the *stuff* he brings upon the stage, and the alterations he makes in pieces presented to him. The following specimen from Paris, Oct. 16, 1769, shews that there is no novelty in our present practices or severity of criticism.

"There is a total extinction of all taste: our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal: the theatre swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed, at Paris, when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry, or with Garrick's insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As the man's writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor? Cibber wrote as bad odes; but then Cibber wrote the Careless Husband and his own life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick's Prologues and Epilogues

are as bad as his Pindaricks and Pantomimes."

The opinions given of several distinguished writers of the day, are as biting as those touching plays and players: we select a few, without advocating their justice.

"Rigby and Peter Bathurst t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttleton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper; that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banquetting with a blind man, a w—, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred, nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had so often seen him come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs, on which he civilized.

"Millar the bookseller has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, Lord Cobham's West has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff; but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttleton." (May 1749.)

The author of Tom Jones need not, with posterity, dread the aristocratic strictures of Lord Orford. But we proceed to other notices.

"Dr. Young has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have an opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years. Mr. Addison sent to the young Lord Warwick, as he was dying, to shew him in what peace a Christian could die—unluckily he died of brandy—nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin!" (May 1759.)

"Mr. Mason has published another drama, called *Caractacus*. There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons, than of Japanese. It is introduced by a piping elegy; for Mason, in imitation of Gray, * will cry and roar all night, without the least provocation." (June 1759.)

Gray is frequently ridiculed for his taciturnity, and want of conversational powers; and it is told of him, that during a party of pleasure, for a whole day he uttered only one short and trivial sentence, in answer to a question. His

* An expression of Mr. Montagu's.

later productions come also in for a whip of supercilious criticism. Of other celebrated men we have the following:

"The first volume of Voltaire's *Peter the Great* is arrived. I weep over it. It is as languid as the Campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order; but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to shew how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburg for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric." (Nov. 1760.)

There are yet several other passages respecting literary works and persons, which we cannot refrain from copying. The first relates to Burke.

"I dined with your Secretary yesterday (July 21, 1761.) There were Garrick and a young Mr. Burke, who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet, and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one. He will know better one of these days."

"Mr. Glover has published his long-heralded *Medea*, as an introduction to the House of Commons; it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of iambs, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple-bar, I suppose he will take it for the straits of Thermopylae, and be delivered of his first speech before its time." (Oct. 1761.)

"Fingal is come out: I have not yet got through it; not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an Epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. Fingal is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it; I should be ruined with my Scotch friends; in short, I cannot believe it genuine." (Dec. 1761.)

"Lady M—y W—y (Mary Wortley) is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her diet, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was

at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *sortes Virgilianas* for her; we literally drew

'Insaniam vatem aspicias.'

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then." (July 1762.)

"Paris, Oct. 1765.—Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained me much. I saw no wit; his conversation shews how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest b—dy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour."

The appearance of the New Bath Guide is spoken of in terms of unequalled praise, as containing more wit, humour, fun, poetry, and originality, than ever before appeared together. The same letter (June 20, 1766) says, and reminds us very forcibly of a recent publication,

"There are two new volumes too of Swift's Correspondence, that will not amuse you less in another way, though abominable, for there are letters of twenty persons now alive: fifty of Lady Betty Germain; one that does her great honour, in which she defends her friend my Lady Suffolk with all the spirit in the world, against that brute, who hated every body that he hoped would get him a mitre, and did not.—His own journal, sent to Stella during the last four years of the queen, is a fund of entertainment. You will see his insolence in full colours, and at the same time how daily vain he was of being noticed by the ministers he affected to treat arrogantly. He goes to the rehearsal of Cato, and says, the *drab* that acted Cato's daughter could not say her part. This was only Mrs. Oldfield. I was saying before George Selwyn, that this journal put me in mind of the present time, there was the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system; but I added, 'There is nothing new under the sun'—'No,' said Selwyn, 'nor under the grandson.' [George II. and III.]

"I am got into puns, and will tell you an excellent one of the King of France, though it does not spell any better than Selwyn's. You must have heard of Count Lauragais, and his horse-race, and his quacking his horse till he killed it. At his return, the king asked him what he had been doing in England? 'Sire, j'ai appris à penser'—'des chevaux?' replied the king.

Reserving a curious anecdote of Hogarth, and some other interesting extracts, for hereafter, we may be excused, if, so near the close of such limits as we can conveniently allot to one subject, however various, we follow the example of our author, and say, having got into puns, we will conclude with a few of the witticisms which we find scattered through these pages,

"Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bon-mots* of Quin, to that turn-coat hypocrite infidel, Bishop W—b—n. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath on behalf of prerogative: Quin said, Pray, my Lord, spare me, you are not acquainted with my principles, I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified—Aye! said W—b—n, by what law? Quin replied, *By all the laws he had left them.* The Bishop would have got off upon judgments, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends; a lie, but no matter. *I would not advise your Lordship, said Quin, to make use of that inference, for if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.* There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply; but I think the former equal to any thing I ever heard."

"Unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the king going to the house, somebody asked what it was for? M. de Choiseul replied, *apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le Soleil.*" [A happy compliment to our then youthful King, in 1761.]

"The cry in Ireland has been against Lord Hillsborough, supposing him to meditate an union of the two Islands; George Selwyn seeing him sit t'other night between my Lady H— and my Lord B—, said, Who can say that my Lord Hillsborough is not an enemy to an union!"

A bit of equal force against another lady of gallantry, is recorded of Charles Townshend:

"My Lord, said he, has quite mistaken the thing; he soars too high at first: people often miscarry by not proceeding by degrees; he went, and at once asked for my Lord —'s garter; if he would have been content to ask for my Lady —'s garter, I don't doubt but he would have obtained it!"

The following lines have been published, but their repetition will not cloy; and with them we bid adieu for the present to Horace.

ANACREONTIC,

*Written by Lord Middlesex on
Sir Harry Bellendine.*

"Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
Around the grape-embossed shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine."

Constantine and Eugene, or an Evening at Mount Vernon, a political dialogue.
By JUNIUS SECUNDUS. Printed at Brussels, 1819. 12mo. pp. 252.

AN English Work printed at Brussels was a novelty to excite our curiosity. We have not been disappointed. If we were to say in one word that it was *unique*, we should deliver our entire opinion; but having noticed it at all, our readers may expect something more from us than so oracular a dispensation. We shall, however, be very brief. Constantine and Eugene are the names of two individuals supposed to meet at Mount Vernon in Virginia, the residence of General Washington, and to hold a conversation, in which the former develops a plan of a perfect form of government. This form is a republic, with one elective Consul for seven years, a senate of Nobles, and a senate of Popular Representatives. Into this visionary paradise the author enters with such hearty good-will, that he peoples his whole ideal world, lives in it, and we believe there is not one of the very lowest understrappers of the Republic, no not a sweeper of the Senate House, that he has not taken special pains to appoint in a pure and liberal manner. Living, as we do, in a real world, this is so amusing, that we might rather be inclined to laugh at the earnestness and minuteness with which enthusiasm builds up every brick of its favourite air-mansion; but we are checked by the integrity of soul, the store of classical attainments, the independence of sentiment, and even the originality of mind which this production displays. The mingling of the elegant with the bizarre, the intelligent with the whimsical, forms altogether so singular a composition, that we can scarcely tell whether admiration or provocation has predominated with us during its perusal. As there are no small States in these days, we imagine that the plan of Constantine will never, like the Republic of Plato, find an Elis or Cnidus to attempt its practical adoption; nor have we space to be the Xenocrates to enforce its dogmas. But we may state of a book which is little known, that it embraces, among many fanciful, controvertible, and, as we think, fallacious principles, many curious ideas, much erudition, great simplicity and goodness of purpose, and more amusement than has fallen to the lot of any political tract in our memory. Improved by travel, the author displays a highly cul-

tivated understanding, and a fine taste on every subject, if we except the main one. His quotations are apt and excellent, and there is a fund of observation, which we should have been much better contented to see allied to any other theme, than to an Utopia of questionable good, even could its fabric be rendered more substantial than a speculative imagining. We cannot go into any of the theories of Junius Secundus; but to shew that he has not been afraid of entering into minutiae himself, we subjoin a symphony which he has ready for his consul whenever he is elected, and perfectibility attained!!

Strew your Consul's way with flowers,
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers.
He rules, but claims no right divine;
His country bids his merit shine;
She gives, he gratefully receives;
And when she lists, his station leaves.
No crowns adorn his lineage tree;
His own desert's his pedigree.
No arms, no heralds round him move;
His trophies are a nation's love.
Strew, &c.

The Articles of Association of the Equitable Trade Society, for the adjustment of disputed Accounts, the prevention of Law-suits, the benefit of the Commercial and Trading Interests; and for providing a Fund for the purpose of affording aid to honest unfortunate Tradesmen.
T. BIGNOLD, Esq. Founder. 4to.
pp. 10.

We do not mean to insist that the publication, whose title page we quote, is strictly and entirely literary; but we are very sure, that the plan developed in its pages is admirably calculated to abate the miseries, and augment the happiness of mankind. On the maxim therefore,

Humani nihil a nobis alienum puto,

we venture to devote a column to a purpose, if not eminently learned, at least eminently useful. It will not however be expected that a periodical work of the nature of the *Literary Gazette*, should go minutely into the rules and regulations on which, in the first instance, this new Association has been formed. Suffice it to say, that the great and leading principle is that of an amicable and equal association of commercial men and traders of every description, for the settlement of mercantile claims and disputes by arbitration, equitably, and at a very trifling expence, instead of law proceedings, enormous expence, frequent injustice, and ruin. There is something so self-evident in the proposition of the advantages thus offered to society, that we should be

ashamed to adduce one syllable by way of proof. What man, what tradesman, is so ignorant, as not to know too many fatal instances of the effects of litigation? Who has not suffered wrong by the uncertainty and delays, as well as the charges, of legal proceedings? Who has not seen the villain and swindler screened; the honest and unfortunate man crushed, by that being made a load upon, which was meant for a prop to struggling industry? Who does not acknowledge that the gaols are crowded with only two classes,—the vagabond, who goes thither to turn the humanity of the Insolvent Debtor's Act into a shield, under which he may renew his course of knavery; and the poor wretch, who might well have satisfied his creditors, could he as readily have satisfied the remorseless draining of legalized blood-suckers?—for we firmly believe there are few cases, where the affairs of simple debtor and creditor, without expensive interference, would send a fair-dealing individual to a prison. Far be it from us to throw a general stigma on the profession of the law: we only repeat the sentiments of those who are its chief ornaments, when we say, that the complication of its system, the technicalities of its administration, the costs of its judgments, and the infamous rascality of its underlings, who are the curses of those whom the Equitable Trade Society will protect, are the fruitful sources of more human wretchedness and desolateness, than, probably, any other combined causes in the whole sphere of civilized life and social relations.

To see such a state of things put an end to, to see this true and glorious reform realized, without the perils of reforming, among our middle and most valuable order of citizens, is a consummation devoutly to be wished; and we trust this Society has established itself on a broad basis, not to be shaken. We think it was in one of the chief manufacturing cities of France, where a plan of a similar nature was carried into effect, and acted upon for years. The change was prodigious. Ease and comfort, and what is better still, mutual good-will and friendship, grew among its inhabitants, instead of litigious wrangling and mutual impoverishment. We cannot conceive any obstacle to the universal application of the same principle even in this astonishingly commercial country. Presidencies and Committees may be multiplied; the capital, the large manufacturing

towns, the principal ports, and the places of lesser consequence, may be amalgamated into one whole, like a piece of fine and just machinery, where every wheel and lever performs its function without clashing or interference.

As yet we are not acquainted with the progress made; but we advise publicity, and publicity alone; for, to our minds, nothing more is necessary to render this institution the *first in the World*.

The Doctrine of the Lower World of the Egyptians, and of the Mysteries of Isis. (Extracted from an Essay on the "Mines of the East.") By M. Joseph Von Hammer.

(Concluded.)

We now proceed to the five representations on the outside of the bottom board of the mummy case, which form the second and sublime part of this representation of the Nether World. It begins again at the foot, and goes in five divisions up to the head.

VI. *The Baptism of the Dead.*—It presents us clearly the Tree of Life, which bears the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and round whose stem the serpent is twined. On the tree stands a Divinity, who is pouring water out of a vessel, with which he really baptizes the soul kneeling below—(which still retains the form once given to it.) This, therefore, is the cooling, the bath, the purification, by which the soul is rendered capable of eternal life. It cannot be precisely ascertained who the baptizing Genius is, or what the tree is called; but we meet with them in the mythologies of all the ancient nations; and the reader who is versed in mythology finds himself here in a whole wood of real trees of life, the seed of which is immortal in the hearts of all men. Farther on there is a similar basket with offerings, as in the first picture at the feet of the female mourners. The basket is here uncovered, and the offerings which it contained are suspended in the air over it. The pomegranate, which among the Greeks was sacred to Proserpine; a latticed piece, which may represent a honeycomb; then the leg of a sow, as we often find, is among the hieroglyphics; above this, is an outstretched hand, probably the hieroglyphic of giving, of offering. On the other side of the tree behind the kneeling soul, over which hovers the cross, as the type of eternal life, this picture is divided from the following by two large feathers, standing one upon the other: They are either meant here to serve as a partition, as elsewhere, for instance, the cypress trees on the sculptures of Persepolis, or they are the symbol of honour, of glory, which signification they have as hieroglyphics; and on the heads of inferior Divinities in the act of prayer, or thanksgiving:

lastly, the feather implies also devotion and prayer.

VII. *The Balance of Judgment.*—We see here a great balance, in the middle of which, where the index is, a Genius sits, as he is shewn to be by the feather in his hand: he may be stationed there to superintend the weighing, or perhaps (as he is turned towards the soul) as a kind Genius, who causes the index to incline to the good scale. In the left scale sits a little feathered form, as the feather is always the sign of devotion, of what is spiritual, and therefore the symbol of good deeds; on the right side lies a figure in the form of a heart, the vessel of which is evil and sensual; the Genius with the wolf's head, as the bad angel, stands under the beam of the balance, depresses with one hand the scale of evil, and stretches out the other hand to reach down several more such vessels of evil, which hang on the beam. The soul sits with bent knees in an humble posture, on the left hand under the balance, to await its sentence, according as the scale of evil or of good shall be found to preponderate. As symbol of the sentence, the sphinx lies below it; and as an assurance of the just weighing, the all-seeing eye of Osiris hovers over its head: lower down is seen the great offering vessel, which was never omitted on Grecian funeral pictures, and the Egyptian cross, as the sign of eternal life, behind the soul.

VIII. *The presentation of the Soul before the throne of Isis.*—This goddess is here enthroned in all her glory, and the soul is brought before her by the three great gods of the nether world. Osiris, with the hawk's head, and the double key of heaven, on the right arm, and in the left hand; he has on the sacred veil and girdle, and the sacred cap, and his breastplate calls to mind that of the Jewish high-priest. His arms and feet are painted green, as is the case with the baptizing divinity in the tree of life. He is followed by Anubis, the proper usher of the souls into the kingdom of death, with the head of the ibis, wearing, like Osiris, the sacred veil and bracelets, and with the lyre, of which he was the inventor, as well as of writing, being also teacher, prophet, and interpreter of the gods. Between him and Osiris is the winged Eye of Providence, with the serpent Thermutis, which bears the key of heaven. Then follows the soul itself, in a lofty dignified form, the left arm laid over the breast, and supported by the right; the arms and feet bare, and red like those of Anubis; on the head the sacred green veil, which was wanting in the baptism; this is fastened by a yellow fillet, and above this a conical head-dress, which it wears only in this representation, and which probably belonged to the initiated. Before the soul, stands an altar of sacrifice, upon it the basket of offerings, which has occurred twice before, and over it, the lotus flower suspended, the symbol of resurrection, as well as the cypress standing before it. This therefore is the second funeral offering, presented to the superior gods of the nether world, as the first was to

Horus and the inferior deities. There it implored the protection of the latter, here it is introduced by the former before the throne of the higher gods; Osiris and Anubis precede it. Behind the soul, is a figure which we have not yet met with, but it seems easy to be explained. It is Serapis, the waker of the dead, who holds in his hand the measure of life; in the oldest times he was so represented, as invisible, having the face covered with the helmet; to whom the Greeks therefore attributed the property of making himself invisible. The significant feather is on this helmet; on one of his arms, which are clad in dark green, he bears the key of heaven; a dark green girdle, bracelets, and the sacred veil, the ends of which hang down under the helmet; his dress is chequered. The breast and feet are yellow, like gold. Thus attended, the soul approaches the throne of Isis: at the foot of it lies the lion, as the guardian of the throne, with the dagger in his claws; before the throne stands the great Nilometer, with the sacred vase of the Nile, on its upper end; behind it, in a pot, a thyrsus is planted, from which the sacred veil hangs down. Over the cap of the goddess, is the basket of offerings, between two mystical leaves; above it, two pears leaves, which also accompanied it in the baptism; but the pomegranate, which was there, is here wanting.

Isis is here enthroned as the highest divinity; she is dressed from head to foot in a close fitted dark green garment, the colour of which is well distinguished from the lighter green of the face and hands. The arms and breast are wrapped in a gold coloured chequered peplos, strewn with green spots, as in a shawl; it resembles that which the soul wore before the balance of judgment. Isis holds in her right hand the sacred scourge, and the key of the nether world; in the left the pastoral staff. To her chin hangs the sacred pears leaf, which was given to the mummies of both sexes in their cases; the sacred green veil is bound together by a fillet, at the fore end of which the sacred serpent appears, as the symbol of dominion over life and death; above the veil, between two horns, at the ends of which sacred serpents also appear, rises the lyre-formed head-dress which Anubis also wore. Lastly, behind the throne, stands a ministering inferior divinity, with the key of heaven in the left hand, and the right hand in an attitude of blessing. The soul implores, as the highest felicity to be received among these attendants round the throne of Isis.

IX. The Soul in the enjoyment of the highest felicity.—Above a kind of stage, which has on the one side four, and on the other three steps, into heaven, which is divided from the rest of the picture by the sacred serpent, drawn out much at length. The serpent, which here represents the course of the stars, is not in the form of a circle, but with three bendings in an undulating line. On the upper part of the left side stands the throne of Isis, on which the goddess sits, with the key of

heaven, and the shepherd's crook; before her stands Osiris, in an attitude of blessing, with the key, to which hangs the staff of guidance. Between them is planted the thyrsus, the staff of joy and thanksgiving; on one side of it hangs the sacred fillet, and on the other the sacred veil. Behind the throne stands the ministering divinity, and behind this latter, the souls in the highest felicity. Out of the line which the serpent forms, stands the good spirit Kneph, in a human form, with the head of the sacred serpent Thermutis, with a sacrificing knife in each hand, and dressed entirely in the colours of Serapis. On his head is the winged flask, and before him the same funeral offering which we have seen already five times in these pictures; it consists here of the pears leaves, the pomegranate, and the symbol of resurrection, the lotus flower. Opposite to Kneph, but separated by a column of hieroglyphics, stands Anubis, with the ibis head, as we saw him as guide of the soul in the eighth picture, but without the lyre-formed head-dress; instead of the writing tablet and the style, which he had there, he holds here, in the left hand, the sacred girdle, and in the right, the staff, divided as a Nilometer, at the upper end of which there is a half globe, with a feather, like the helmet of Serapis. This staff, with the helmet and feather, and a hand, in the attitude of blessing, close to it, is suspended likewise in heaven, within the line of the serpent, over the soul exalted to the enjoyment of the highest felicity, on the two sides of the above-mentioned stage; on this the sun is depicted, between two serpents, and above is the eye of Osiris, together with an out-stretched hand, over which the sacred key hangs, the end of which terminates in a graduated Nilometer.

X. Concluding Picture.—It is separated from the preceding by three rows of hieroglyphics. As a hand-breadth is broken off from the end of it, the meaning of the whole is difficult to be determined. We describe the figures. The hawk Osiris, the final accomplisher of the way of Providence, stands in all the magnificence of his plumage, with the lyre-shaped head-dress, between two horns, on which sit two sacred serpents: he treads upon the tail of one, and with the other foot he stands on the sacred offering dish. Behind him is the eye of Providence, with the arm blessing, on which hangs the key of the Nile, and the Nilometer, and behind this eye, the ministering divinity, whom we have frequently mentioned before, in the attitude of blessing.

We have now, in the series of these pictures, gone through the whole of the mysteries of Isis, as Apuleius describes them. We entered the gate of the nether world, passed the threshold of Nephtis, before which the sacred wolf keeps guard, traversed, by means of the four genii, who stand under the bier, the four elements, and then saw the sun of the lower world, Horus, beam in his splendour: by his mediation we reached the inferior deities, and

were then led, by the two conductors of souls, Anubis and Serapis, before the throne of Isis. According to the Isiacal doctrine, the soul now found eternal repose in the bosom of this goddess, and in the sun hawk (Osiris), represented in the last picture, the eternal light, by which is understood, not the terrestrial sun, nor Horus, the subterranean sun, but the eternal uncreated light, the last object of all the mysteries. It formed the abundance of eternal life, and the repose of blessedness; which was the conclusion of all ancient forms of benediction, abundance and blessedness.

We have, as far as possible, avoided all recollections and relations of the ideas expressed in these images, to the religious doctrines and mystical representations of other ancient and still existing oriental nations, which the original essay contained. The attentive reader will find these transitions, relations, and transformations, of similar ideas, without our help, and they would have led us aside from the old simple progress of the doctrine of immortality, which we have gone through. Glorious and animating is this view of the ever-blooming tree of eternal life, which in all its ramifications constantly reproduces only itself, living and indestructible—however different branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit may be—for it sprang up with the image of God, which was given to man, in all human hearts, in the all-predominant longing, the desire and the pledge of eternity.

LEARNED SOCIETIES:

OXFORD, Feb. 7.—Richard Lowndes, Esq. Master of Arts, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been admitted ad eundem in this University.

Saturday last the following gentlemen were admitted to Degrees:—

MASTERS OF ARTS:

Mr. John Thomas Claridge, of Christ Church; Rev. Edward Gregory, of Trinity College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS:

Mr. John Samuel Elys, of Exeter College; Mr. Francis Lloyd, Student of Christ Church; Mr. William Spencer Whitelocke, of Balliol College; Mr. William Perkins, of Lincoln College; Mr. Joseph Palmer Griffith, Scholar of Wadham College; Mr. Griffith Richards, of Queen's College.

The number of Determining Bachelors, 164.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 6.—Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25l. each to the two best proficients in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy amongst the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. John George Shaw Lefevre, of Trinity College, and Mr. John Hind, of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

The Rev. Wm. J. Coppard of Emmanuel College, was on Wednesday last admitted Master of Arts.

The Rev. W. E. Fitzthames, of Emmanuel College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

Mr. W. F. Cobb, of Trinity College, was on the same day admitted Bachelor of Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Tuesday, at a General Meeting of the Members of the Royal Academy in Somerset House, F. L. Chantrey, Esq. was elected an R.A. in the room of the late Mr. Woodforde.

PRESENT STATE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

From the distinguished part which Germany is taking in the pursuits of science and literature in our times, the annexed summary of her Learned Establishments may be acceptable.—

Germany had before the year 1802 the following 36 universities:—

Heidelberg founded in 1386, Prague 1348, Vienna 1361, Cologne 1388, Erfurt 1389, Wurtzburg 1403, Leipzig 1409, Ingolstadt 1410, Rostock 1419, Treves 1451, Greifswalde 1456, Freiburg 1456, Tubingen 1477, Mentz 1477, Wittenberg 1502, Frankfort on the Oder 1505, Marburg 1517, Dillingen 1549, Jena 1557, Helmstadt 1576, Altdorf 1576, Paderborn 1592, Giessen 1607, Rinteln 1619, Salzburg 1622, Munster 1631, Osnaburg 1632, Bamberg 1648, Duisburg 1655, Kiel 1665, Innspruck 1672, Halle 1694, Breslaw 1702, Fulda 1734, Göttingen 1734, Erlangen 1742. Of which there have been dissolved since 1802: Cologne, Erfurt, Ingolstadt, Treves, Mentz, Wittenberg, Frankfort, Dillingen, Helmstadt, Altdorf, Rinteln, Salzburg, Munster, Osnaburg, Bamberg, Duisburg, Innspruck, and Fulda; and in their stead only the following new ones founded.—Landshut, merely a continuation of the Ingolstadt university; Breslaw as a mixed university, to which the professors from Frankfort on the Oder were removed; Ellwangen, but which since the year 1817 is united with Tubingen; and Berlin the last founded of the German universities. There exist at present in Germany only 19 universities, viz. in the Austrian-German Hereditary States, 1. Vienna, Catholic, with 957 students; 2. Prague, Catholic, with 880 students. In German-Prussia, 3. Berlin, Evangelical, 1817, with 600 students; 4. Breslaw, for both religions, with 366 students; 5. Halle, Evangelical, 1816, with 500 students; 6. Greifswalde, Evangelical, with 55 students. Add to these the Catholic university of Paderborn, but which has only two faculties. In Bavaria, 7. Landshut, Catholic, with 640 students; 8. Wurtzburg, Catholic, 1815, with 365 students; 9. Erlangen, Protestant, with 180 students. In Saxony, 10. Leipzig, Protestant, 1816, with 911 students. In Hanover, 11. Göttingen, Protestant, 1816, with 1132 students. Wurtemberg, 12. Tubingen, Protestant, with 290 students, now increased by the addition of Ellwangen, for both religions. In Baden, 13. Heidelberg, Protestant, 1817, with 303 students; 14. Freiburg, Catholic, 1817, with 275 students. In the Electorate of Hesse, 15. Marburg, Protestant, 1812, with 197 students. In the Grand Duchy of Hesse, 16. Giessen, Protestant, 1813, with 241 students. In Holstein, 17. Kiel, Pro-

testants, with 107 students; Weimar, 18. Jena, Protestant, 1817, with 600 students. In Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 19. Rostock, Protestant, 1817, with 159 students. Of these 19 universities, there are therefore 5 Catholic, 2 mixed, and the rest Protestant. In all there are about 8500 students. If we take the population of all Germany at 29½ millions, there will be 288 students for every million.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

On Saturday Mr. Brande commenced his course of lectures upon Chemistry.

The splendid lecture room was crowded, and it afforded a gratifying proof of the devotion of the fair sex to the acquisition of knowledge, to observe that the number of ladies present exceeded that of the gentlemen. As this was an introductory Lecture, it was necessarily of a general nature, and rather explanatory of the plan the lecturer meant to pursue, than of the subject on which he proposes to treat. There is one difficulty which Mr. Brande has to encounter, and which it will require all his skill to overcome: he has given in the last three years, with distinguished applause, three courses of lectures, at the Institution, upon Chemistry. He cannot therefore commence his present course, by communicating to his auditors elementary information, without entering into details with which a great portion of them are perfectly acquainted; on the other hand, many of the members admitted since the termination of the last course, may be considered as coming to the study of a new science, and therefore necessarily requiring much initiatory instruction. But, whatever can be accomplished by a person deeply skilled in the subject on which he proposes to treat, capable of communicating his knowledge with perspicuity and elegance, and of illustrating it by experiments performed with uncommon neatness and precision, may be expected of Mr. B.

Mr. Brande proposes in the present course, first, to discuss and illustrate the object and principles of Chemistry; and, secondly, to consider the application of Chemical Philosophy to the examination of nature, and to the purposes of the arts. The latter division would naturally lead to a consideration of the numerous and valuable discoveries which had been made on Geology by the application of Chemistry (particularly since its union with Electricity) to that most important object of investigation—discoveries which could be relied on with certainty, because they could be proved by experiments made both analytically and synthetically: whereas, in the animal and vegetable worlds, the principle of vitality rendered analysis the only practicable mode of investigation.

In the course of the lecture, Mr. Brande alluded to the Safety Lamp of Sir H. Davy, and said, that he should take an opportunity of clearly proving that that most inva-

luable discovery was not the result of chance, but of a long series of experiments, skilfully and laboriously conducted by that great chemist.

Mr. Brande concluded by adverting shortly to the state of the funds of the Institution, which he said had been recently greatly improved by an act of the most munificent liberality of one of the members. We understand the gentleman alluded to is Mr. Fuller, the late member for Sussex.

On Wednesday Mr. Millington gave a lecture upon Mechanism.

We learn from *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, that a valuable mine of Plumbago or Graphite was last summer discovered in Glenstrathfarar, about 30 miles from Inverness. It promises to be of much importance, and a valuable addition to British minerals, since there are we believe but two mines wrought in the island for the production of this useful article, of which not only our black-lead pencils, as they are erroneously called, are made, but the lustre given to many substances formed of cast-iron. The mine is in a schistose rock, close to the Farar, and crops out to an extent of not less than 50 feet in five different seams, some of them from 12 to 18 inches in thickness. Several tons might have been turned out; and the seams appear to converge into one, enlarge, and improve in quality, as the workmen penetrate deeper.

The same intelligent work contains the notice of a paper read by Dr. Brewster, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, on the 12th of January, purporting to be an Account of recent Discoveries made respecting the principal Pyramid of Egypt, &c. Had the learned Dr. done us the honour to read the *Literary Gazette* of the 20th of December, or perused Mr. Walpole's admirable work on Turkey, he would have been saved from the error of considering those discoveries as new which were made by other persons years before.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

No. 2.

No. XXXII. JERUSALEM AT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION. St. Matt. ch. xxvii. 45th, 51st, and 52d vers.—*T. C. Hoiland*. This artist aims very high, and if, in the present instance, he has fallen at all short of his mark, it must be recollected how many and how great were the difficulties with which he had to contend; and how much expectation, as well as imagination, is employed in contemplating such scenes. On all attempts to represent the supernatural, the opinions are as various as the "thick-coming fancies" of mankind. The painter is tied down to no rules, except that he shall not violate the established canons of art. Mr. Hoiland has effected a great deal towards bringing the feelings of the spectator to bear upon the sublime subject before him; the awful stillness, which might be supposed immediately to follow

the "darkness all over the land," is well expressed, and the light introduced, (however it is to be accounted for) no more than is absolutely necessary to pictorial intelligence. The forms are grand, and the tone of colour suitable to the occasion. Upon the whole, we look upon this picture with a full conviction of the ability and talent of the artist, and of its belonging to that class of art perfectly congenial to the spirit of the British Institution.

LII. VIRTUE IN DANGER.—Fradelle.

We are concerned to say of this performance, that both the drawing and the subject are *incorrect*, and, if we may be allowed a pun, we should call it, instead of *virtue*, *vertu* in danger. Good taste and propriety are alike offended, and with the skill Mr. Fradelle really possesses, we could wish him a better choice of subject. Yet, after all, where he has made a better choice (No. 80) there is still much room for improvement. A foreign artist should, in English subjects, endeavour to paint the character of the country, in the same manner as in conversation he attempts to speak its language. Were it not set down in the catalogue, we could never mistake the figures in this piece for Milton and his daughter.

X. LAMBETH; LOOKING TOWARDS WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—J. Stark.

In the *Literary Gazette* of the 31st ult. on throwing a coup d'œil over the gallery previous to its being opened for public inspection, we noticed the distinguished rank in which this artist made his appearance before us. The pleasing familiar scene to which we now turn, is depicted to great advantage by his pencil: while we admire his choice of subject, and his brilliant and warm tone of colouring, we are led to advert to the means by which a view, (not often seen under such favourable hues) is here displayed with so much effect, arising rather out of a certain system, or style of art, than out of a strict imitation of nature.

In such remarks as these, upon this, or any other performance, we desire to be understood as going to general principles, and not confining ourselves to the particular picture before us. We take the liberty of stopping, especially at subjects like this, of interest and excellence, which remind us of whatever is connected with such principles, to throw out what may be considered as hints, either of individual or universal application. With some reference, therefore, to this delightful work, we may repeat, that when the fascination of system prevails, nature becomes less an object of imitation, than a subordinate medium for the display of a peculiar knowledge of the harmonious arrangement of colours, and of the bending of forms to a settled idea of good composition. All this is certainly proper in its place, but, carried to excess, becomes the foundation of mannerism; and the great difficulty with which the young artist has to struggle, is to study the economy and use of embellishment, and stop short whenever it assumes too power-

ful an ascendancy. Perhaps the boats on the left should have been higher and bolder, and more grey tones in the remoter parts of the picture. But taken altogether, it is a most meritorious and pleasing production.

LXIV. BANDITTI.—Ab. Cooper, A. R. A.

In the true spirit of romance, as well as in the true spirit of art, is this admirable scene represented, with all the hurry of fear and exploit. An impression thus made will sufficiently prove that the performance has produced its full effect. And even in the minor considerations of technical import, it is replete with every merit. There is a vigour of pencil, a truth of delineation, a degree of fire and character, belonging entirely to the subject, which are in this, as in nearly all the works of this artist, pre-eminently displayed. The interest is so great, that we absolutely seem—

"To wait for the motion and list for the sound."

In short, we have seldom seen so rare an union of talent in a picture of this kind, which delineates human as well as animal forms.

No. CL. BATTLE SKETCH.—Vigorous, and reminds us of the style of Borgognoni, the most difficult of imitation.—CLIII.

CLVII. STILL LIFE.—Well painted.—

CLXIII. MAMBRINO'S HELMET.—Formerly exhibited, but all tending to establish the reputation of the same artist.

CXXVII. A SCENE ON THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS.—W. Collins, A. R. A.

We cannot tell what may be the feeling or opinion of foreign artists on viewing this little gem; but we think they must be steeped *above* the very eyes in prejudice, if they do not regard it with the admiration it deserves, as a highly characteristic representation of the scene, as well as a fine specimen of excellent art. It is indeed a delightful picture. The tone is pure and brilliant; the dramatis personæ lively, and truly French; the humour has nothing to offend even national predilections, yet possesses all the spirit of caricature, without its exaggeration. The same artist has two other works in the exhibition, of very considerable merit.

No. LXIII. ADMONITION. LXXI. FALL OF

PHAETON. XCIV. POOL OF BETHESDA

CXLI. A BLOOD-HOUND. CLXXXII.

THE OBSTINATE ASS. CCLXIX. A

STALLION LOOSE.—James Ward, R. A.

"Will Fortune never come with both hands full?"

It is impossible not to feel astonishment at the disproportion of talent evinced in these pictures. In some it is of the highest order, in others so misused, as to deserve the appellation of debasement. Mr. Ward is an enthusiast in art, and employs the same exalted powers, as enthusiasts generally do, in illustrating his pursuit by the finest achievements, or sinking it into bathos, by the wildest fantasies. With the same masterly hand he shews us to what height modern genius can soar, and what obselete trash, worthy only of oblivion, it can select for resuscitation, in all the deformity of bad taste and ignorance. *Admo-*

nition, a vivified mummy, is a proof of the latter; and the *Pool of Bethesda* is another, though possessing some beauties which redeem it from unmingled censure. It brings to our recollection some of the finest efforts of ancient art, and has a tone of colour, and texture of execution, extremely difficult to attain. But these belong only to the lower qualities of such a subject. Some of the figures are unnatural abortions, and the angel a hard and pedantic form, which not only "troubles the waters" but annoys every feeling of good art. Neither do we think its introduction at all essential; on the contrary, the action of the piece takes place *after*, not *at*, the time the angel has performed its task. The *Fall of Phaeton* is an exquisite and spirited production—nothing can surpass it in conception and execution. The idea of the light and shadow appears to be embodied from some sublime conflict of the elements, and, though of small size, the treatment is every way worthy of the subject. The *Blood-hound* has been already exhibited, and it is not our intention to take much notice of pictures coming under this description. The *Obstinate Ass* is an admirable morceau, full of humour and nature. He must belong to the same genus, who questions this verdict.

(To be continued.)

ANTIQUITIES.

[From the *Morning Chronicle*.]

By a letter from a gentleman, now in Egypt, with a perusal of which we have been favoured, we learn that the attempt to remove the Colossal Bust of Memnon, from amidst the ruins of Thebes, made in the course of last year, had perfectly succeeded. It had been conveyed to Alexandria, where it was embarked for Malta, for the purpose of being brought to England, to be placed in the British Museum. The Bust is described in the letter as consisting of a single piece of granite, of a flesh colour from the top of the head to the neck, the rest being grey; the weight is computed at fourteen tons. The writer of the letter made several excavations, and discovered a row of Sphinxes, of black marble, with the bodies of women and lions' heads, beautifully sculptured, and several of them quite perfect; and also a statue of Jupiter, of cream-coloured marble. After reaching Alexandria with the bust, he took a second journey to Thebes, and re-commencing his excavations, he discovered a beautiful colossal head of Osiris; one of the arms was also found, which measured eleven feet: after working for twenty days, a temple was opened, containing fourteen large chambers, including a spacious hall, in which were found eight colossal statues thirty feet high, all standing, and quite perfect. Four others were found in the sanctuary. The walls were covered with hieroglyphics. A small statue of Jupiter, found in the great hall, and two lions with ox heads, were brought from thence, for the purpose of being also conveyed to England.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LAST TEAR.

She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her lilled cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
Of the western cloud that veils the April even.
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That wider'd as the shower clears off from Heaven.
Her beauty woke, — a sudden beam of soul
Flash'd from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

EPIGRAM.

To a Lady with an exposed Bosom, who wore a
Key in a Brooch.

Quoth a wild wag, "It seems to me
Quite odd! — Do stop and mind it!
To lock the door, and hang the key
Where every fool may find it."

"Hush!" was the answer, "'tis a joke,
You know it by this token, —
No soul can want the key, — for, look!
The door is left wide open!"

Unlike the Heav'n that greybeards preach,
By bars and bolts confin'd;
One Paradise, let Cynthia teach,
Is free to humankind.

SKETCH

From a Painting of a beautiful Child sorrowing
over her dead Bird.

"'Tis her first grief, — the bird is dead!
How many a mournful word was said!
How many a tear was o'er it shed!
The anguish of the shock has past,
Yet Memory's thoughts those eyes o'ercast;
As like the violet gemm'd with dew,
Glitters thro' tears their lovely blue.
'Tis her first grief! — motionless there
Is stretch'd the fondling of her care.
No longer may she hear his voice,
No longer in his sports rejoice;
And scarcely dare she lift her eyes
To where the lifeless treasure lies.
But yesterday who could foresee
That such a change as this might be,
That she should call and he not hear,
That bird who knew and lov'd her dear;
Who, when her finger touch'd his cage,
Gaiest it a mimic war would wage;
Who peck'd the sweetmeat from her hand,
And on her ringlets took his stand.
All as these recollections rise,
Again does sorrow drown the eyes,
The little bosom swell with sighs.
"Another bird!" — No never, never!
Empty shall lie that cage for ever.

'Tis her first grief! — and it will fade
Or ere the next sun sinks in shade.
Ah! happy age, when smile and tear
Alternate in the eyes appear;
When sleep can every care remove,
And morn's light wake to hope and love.
But childhood flies like spring-time's hour,
And deepening shadows o'er youth lour.
Even thou, fair girl, must one day know
Of life the painfulness and woe;
The sadness that sleep cannot cure,
Griefs that thro' nights and days endure,
Those natural pangs to mortals given,
To wean us from this earth, and lead our thoughts
to Heaven.

ISABEL.

STANZAS.

"Life is a jest!" — A jest, O no!
At least I have not found it so.
A jest! — a bitter jest indeed,
That often makes the bosom bleed.

Life is no jest! — No, no! and he
Who said it spoke in mockery.
Life is a dull and twice told tale,
Where melancholy thoughts prevail.

J.

BIOGRAPHY.

BARON C. W. DE HUMBOLDT.

We have deferred till our next Number the continuation of the review of M. Humboldt's new work, in order to make room for a biographical account of that distinguished traveller, and his brother, the present Prussian Ambassador at the Court of London.

Baron Charles William de Humboldt, Minister of State and Privy-Counsellor of the King of Prussia, Chief of the Department for superintending Religion, and Director-General of Public Education, was in 1810 appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of Vienna, and created a knight of the Red Eagle. He had previously been minister from Prussia to the court of Rome. In February 1814, Baron de Humboldt was one of the plenipotentiaries of the Allied Powers, who assembled at Chatillon-sur-Seine, to negotiate for peace with France. At the Congress of Vienna he was distinguished for talent and extensive knowledge. He was one of the principal authors of the plan for a constitution, the discussion of which continued until the 16th of November 1814. He was likewise a member of the general committee of the eight Powers who signed the peace of Paris, for the questions relative to the abolition of the slave trade. On the 13th of March 1815, he signed the first declaration of the same Powers, concerning Napoleon Bonaparte's return from Elba; and, on the 12th of May following, the second declaration, which may be regarded as the last profession of faith made by the European Powers. In the course of the same month, he likewise concluded with Saxony a treaty of peace, by which the King of Saxony renounced, in favour of Prussia, his claims to various provinces and districts. This treaty was signed at Vienna on the 18th of May, and ratified on the 21st. Towards the end of the year 1815, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Vienna; he was, however, recalled in February 1816, and in the month of July was sent to Frankfort, to negotiate respecting territorial arrangements, and to be present at the diet of the Germanic Confederation. In October he laid before the members of the diet a memorial respecting the mode of treating the affairs which might be submitted to their discussion. As a reward for his services, the King of Prussia about this time created him a member of the council of state, and granted him a donation amounting to the annual value of five thousand crowns. About the com-

mencement of 1817, M. de Humboldt was appointed ambassador to London, in the room of M. Jacobi Kleost.

Though M. de Humboldt has acquired so brilliant a reputation as a diplomatist, his literary attainments are by no means unimportant. He has produced an excellent translation of Pindar, and a poetical translation of *Æschylus's* tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which appeared in 1816.

If it be matter of surprise that, amidst the important affairs with which this minister has been entrusted, he should have found time to complete a work which required no less erudition than poetic genius, our astonishment is increased two-fold on reading the translation. He has imitated the Greek metre, both in the dialogue and choruses; and the translation is altogether so faithful, that it gives the original not only line for line, but word for word. Finally, it is an effort of which perhaps the German language alone is capable. It is equally remarkable that M. de Humboldt has studied the Basque language to a greater extent than any other literary character. During his travels, he chanced to live in the house of a Biscayan curate. The good pastor spoke of his native language with so much enthusiasm, that the traveller determined to reside for several weeks in the village in order to acquire it. He read every work that is printed in the Basque language, and all the manuscripts he could procure, and thus enabled himself to communicate to the rest of Europe an original and almost unknown language, which bears no resemblance to any other. M. de Humboldt has published a Basque vocabulary consisting of about 6000 words, in the 4th volume of *Adelung's* *Mithridates*; continued by M. Vater, Berlin 1817.

BARON F. H. A. DE HUMBOLDT.

Frederick Henry Alexander, Baron de Humboldt, a celebrated traveller, brother to the individual before mentioned, was born at Berlin on the 14th of September 1769. He pursued his studies at Göttingen, at Frankfort on the Oder, and lastly, at the Commercial School at Hamburg (See Buch's *Universal Biography*). In 1790 he undertook his first journey through Europe, accompanied by *Forster* and *Gunn*. He visited the banks of the Rhine, Holland, and England, and published his *Observations on the Banks of the Rhine*, Brunswick 1790, 8vo. In 1791, he studied mineralogy and botany, under *Werner*, at Freiberg; and in 1793, printed at Berlin, his *Specimen Floræ Freibergensis Subterraneæ*. In 1792, he became assessor of the Council of Mines at Berlin, and afterwards director-general of the mines of the principality of Anspach and Bayreuth, in Franconia. There he founded several magnificent establishments, such as the *School of Stoben*, and was likewise one of the first who repeated the five experiments of *Galeani*. Not satisfied with merely observing the muscular and nervous irritability of animals, he had the courage to make very painful experi-

ments on himself, the results of which he published, with remarks by *Blumenbach*, in a work written in German, Berlin, 1796, 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume has been translated into French by *J. P. N. Jadelot*, under the following title: *Expériences sur le Galvanisme, et en general sur l'Irritation des Fibres Musculaires et Nerveuses*, 1799, 8vo. In 1795, *M. de Humboldt* travelled to Italy and Switzerland, accompanied by *M. de Friedleben*; and in 1797, he proceeded with his brother to Paris, where he became acquainted with *M. Aimé Bonpland*. At that time he entertained a wish to form part of the expedition of *Capt. Baudin*; but the renewal of hostilities with *Austria* prevented him from embarking. *M. de Humboldt* now turned his thoughts seriously towards executing a plan which he had long since formed, namely, of making a philosophic visit to the East. He anxiously wished to join the expedition which had departed for Egypt, from whence he hoped to penetrate as far as Arabia, and then to the English settlements by crossing the Persian Gulf. He waited two months at Marseilles to obtain his passage on board a Swedish frigate which was to convey a Consul from Sweden to Algiers. At length, supposing that he might easily find means to proceed from Spain to Barbary, he set out for the former country, carrying with him a considerable collection of physical and astronomical instruments. After remaining several months at Madrid, the Spanish Government granted him permission to visit their colonies in the new world. He immediately wrote to Paris, to request that *M. Bonpland* would accompany him, and the two friends embarked at Corunna, on board a Spanish vessel. They arrived at Cumana, in South America, in July 1799. The remainder of the year was spent in visiting the provinces of New Andalusia and Spanish Guyana. They returned to Cumana by the mission of the Caribbees, and in 1800 proceeded to the island of Cuba, where, in the space of three months, *M. de Humboldt* determined the longitude of the Havannah, and assisted the planters in constructing furnaces for the preparation of sugar. In 1801 several false reports were circulated respecting the voyage of *Captain Baudin*, which induced *M. de Humboldt* to form the design of meeting him; but in order to avoid accidents he sent his collections and manuscripts to Europe, and set out himself in the month of March. The unfavourable state of the weather, however, prevented him from pursuing the course he had traced out; and he resolved to visit the superb collection of *Mutis*, a celebrated American naturalist. In September 1801, *M. de Humboldt* set out for Quito, where he arrived in the month of January 1802. There he was at length able to repose after his fatigues, and to enjoy the pleasures of hospitality amidst the most beautiful productions of nature. At Quito, *M. de Humboldt*, accompanied by the son of the *Marquess de Selva Alegre*, (who, through an ardent passion for science, had never quitted him since his arrival,) determined on an enterprise, the execution of which cost him

incredible labour. Finally he departed, towards the middle of the summer, for the volcano of Tungaragno and the Nevado del Chimborazo. They passed through the ruins of Riobamba, and several other villages; destroyed on the 7th of February 1797, by an earthquake, which in one moment swallowed up more than 40,000 individuals, and ultimately, after innumerable difficulties; arrived on the 23d of June on the eastern side of Chimborazo, and fixed their instruments on the brink of a porphyry rock, which projected over an immense space covered with an impenetrable bed of snow. A breach, about five hundred feet in width, prevented them from advancing further. The density of the air was one-half reduced; they experienced the bitterest cold; they breathed with difficulty, and the blood flowed from their eyes, lips, and gums. They were then on the most elevated point that had ever been touched by mortal footsteps. They stood at an elevation of 3485 feet higher than that which *Condamine* attained in 1745, and were consequently 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. From this position of extreme height they ascertained, by means of a trigonometrical operation, that the summit of Chimborazo was 2140 feet higher than the point on which they stood. Having concluded these important observations, *M. de Humboldt* directed his course towards Lima, the capital of Peru. He remained for several months in that city, enriched with the vivacity and intelligence of its inhabitants. During his residence among the Peruvians, he observed, at the port of Callao, the emersion of the passage of Mercury on the disk of the Sun. From Lima he proceeded to New Spain, where he remained for the space of a year; he arrived at Mexico in April 1803. In the neighbourhood of that city he discovered the trunk of the famous *Cheirostemon Platanoides*, the only tree of that species that is to be seen in New Spain: it has existed since the remotest ages, and is nine yards in circumference. The labours of *M. de Humboldt* were now drawing to a close. He made several excursions during the months of January and February 1804; but they were his last, and he hastened to embark for the Havannah. In July he set sail for Philadelphia, and after having resided for some time in the United States, he crossed the Atlantic and arrived in France, after an absence of six years, marked by labours the most useful and satisfactory, though filled with fatigue, dangers, and distress, of every kind. During his travels, *M. de Humboldt* rectified, by the most exact operations, the errors which had been committed in fixing the geographical positions of most of the points of the New World. He has likewise discovered a very ingenious method, preferable to any description, for demonstrating, under a single point of view, the accumulated results of his topographical and mineralogical observations. He has given profiles of the vertical sections of the countries he visited. The herbal which he brought with him from Mexico is one of the richest in exotic plants

that was ever transported to Europe: it contains 6300 different species. Animated by an ardent desire for making discoveries, and endowed with the means of satisfying this noble ambition, *M. de Humboldt* has extended his researches to every branch of physical and social knowledge. The mass of curious information, which he collected in the New World, surpasses all that has ever resulted from the investigations of any other individual. He has diffused a new light over the history of our species, extended the limits of mathematical geography, and added an infinite number of new objects to the treasures of botany, zoology, and mineralogy. These precious acquisitions, each classed in the order to which they belong, were published in 1805, and several succeeding years, at Paris; Hamburgh and London, in the following manner:—1. *Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, pendant les Années 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 et 1804*; 4 vols. 4to. The first published in 1814-1817, has likewise appeared in 4 vols. 8vo. 2. *Vues de Cordillères et Monuments des Peuples indigènes de l'Amérique*, 1811; 2 vols. large folio, with plates: 1814; 2 vols. 8vo. 3. *Recueil d'Observations Astronomiques, et de Mesures exécutées dans le Nouveau Continent*, 2 vols. 4to. *M. de Humboldt* has neglected no means of verifying his calculations. He has submitted to the examination of the *Bureau de Longitude*, a portion of his astronomical observations on lunar distances, and the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter. Nearly 500 barometrical heights have, moreover, been calculated by *M. Prony*, according to the formula of *M. Laplace*.—4. *Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes, ou Tableau Physique des Régions Equinoxiales, fondé sur des Observations et des mesures faites depuis le 10^e degré de latitude australe, jusqu'au 10^e degré de latitude boréale*; 4to, with a large plate.—5. *Plantes Equinoxiales, recueillies au Mexique, dans l'île de Cuba, dans les Provinces de Caracas, de Cumana, &c.* 2 vols. folio.—6. *Monographie de Melancton*; 2 vols. folio.—7. *Nova Genera et Species Plantarum*; 3 vols. folio.—8. *Recueil d'Observations de Zoologie et d'Anatomie comparées, faites dans un Voyage aux Tropiques*; 2 vols. 4to.—9. *Essai Politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne*; 1811, 2 vols. 4to, with a folio atlas, or five vols. 8vo. with plates.—10. *Physique General et Géologie*; 1 vol. 4to (not yet published).—11. *Ansichten der Natur*; Tubingen, 1808, 8vo.; translated into French by *M. Egry*, under the superintendence of the Author.—12. *De Distributione Geographicâ Plantarum secundum Cali temperiem et altitudinem montium prolegomena*; Paris, 1817; 8vo.—13. *Sur l'Elevation des Montagnes de l'Inde*; 8vo. *M. M. Humboldt and Bonpland* having shared together all the fatigues and dangers of their journey, agreed that their works should be published under the names of both; the Preface of each work explaining to whom such and such a portion is specifically due. *M. de Humboldt* also laboured in common with *M. de Guy-Lussac*.

They conjointly verified the theory of *M. Biot*, on the position of the magnetic equator; and ascertained that great chains of mountains, and even burning volcanoes, have no sensible influence on the magnetic power, and that this power progressively diminishes in proportion as we depart from the terrestrial equator. The narratives of *M. de Humboldt's* voyages have been published in several different languages; but he has disavowed them by publishing those which we have mentioned in the course of this article. It has been stated in several public journals, that this indefatigable traveller intends visiting the Alps of Thibet, the most elevated point of which is said to be 2700 feet higher than Chimborazo. At one of the sittings of the French Academy, in 1817, *M. de Humboldt* produced his *chart of the river Orinoko*, which presents the phenomenon of the junction of that immense river with the Amazon, by the intermediate waters of the Rio Negro; a confluence which was supposed to exist by *d'Anville*, but which had hitherto remained a matter of doubt.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Description of the Mountaineers of Suli, in Epirus, after their Conquest by Ali Pacha of Joannina.

THE mountaineers of Suli had, from their retired situation, assumed the character of a peculiar tribe. They inhabited ten or twelve large villages, the most considerable of which might perhaps be a mile distant from the fortress of Suli. They were originally Albanians, of the tribe of the Tzamidés. The majority of their former countrymen had turned Mahometans; but they had retained the Christian religion, though much disfigured, and adapted to their situation. Their number scarcely exceeded 12000, of which the third or fourth part were capable of bearing arms. They were distinguished from all the other Albanians, by their rudeness and invincible courage. The Suliote women shared the employments and dangers of their husbands, and sustained all the inconveniences of an unquiet life. It is said that the women were allowed to draw water from a certain fountain in succession, and in the same order as their husbands had gained glory in war; and in the war which Ali Pacha had with these mountaineers, their women performed actions which would have done honour to men.

Yet, in describing the Suliots, we must not forget that they are robbers, who have become by degrees warriors, and joined some virtues with savageness and pillage. They were the terror of Southern Albania. When they descended from their mountains, seeking revenge and plunder, the whole country trembled. Their own valleys were visited by nobody; neither friend nor enemy dared to come near them. They were never subject to the Turkish rulers of Albania; but Ali Pacha could not en-

dure the thought that a tribe so near him should defy his authority with impunity, and even extend their robberies almost to his capital. His first attempts were weak and limited; in proportion as his power increased, he rendered himself more formidable to them; he continued the war from year to year, and, though the events are of little importance, there is not one which is not celebrated in some Albanese song. He at length attacked the Suliots with great force, it is said 18,000 men, the command of which he gave to his sons Mouctar and Véli, and at last succeeded in making himself master of an elevated position, where he established a place of security for his troops: the Suliots however, did not abandon their position, and it was only by bribing their chief that he attained his end. His soldiers penetrated into the village of Suli; but the inhabitants, led by their priests, and assisted by their wives, obstinately continued the combat. A woman named Cheito displayed the most admirable intrepidity, and one of their priests, when he saw no more hope of flight, blew up the building in which he had taken refuge. Inclosed on all sides, without prospect of escape, many cut their way through, others killed themselves, but more were cut to pieces. It is said that a crowd of women, being pushed towards a precipice, threw their children down it, devoting them to death rather than to slavery. Some found a refuge in Parga, others in Corfu, and it is said that Ali Pacha, dreading the effects of their despair, connived at their flight, although it had been his intention to extirpate the whole tribe; for he destroyed their villages, and peopled the few habitations which he had left with Albanians. It is now ten years since this war took place, and yet people are still full of the heroism and the stratagems to which it gave birth.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—Our limits this week are too narrow to allow of our saying more of this Theatre than that the favourite of last season has been revived, and *La grande Cœur's Japon*, lengthened. This is certainly not the mode in France, where the maxim originated (taught by the chill experience of whole acres and furlongs of empty benches)—“To cure a bad season, lengthen your ballets and shorten your petticoats.” The English Manager, perilously blind to the repletion of his pit, appears determined to conquer by contraries, and we have now the shortest ballets and the longest petticoats in the annals of dancing and display. This is as certainly the result of the *betise Angloise*, as the exhibitions of shape and saltation at the “*Académie de la Musique*” are the dictates of decorum. But in the *betise* there was some compassion for human infirmity. The night that displayed *Il Don Giovanni* in his magnificence of seduction, was not ill-selected to set forth *CORRÈ* in diminished splendour. The balance of power was not to be violated

even upon the stage; and those who, from seeing the Don in his triumphant sweep through all kinds of guilt, might be disposed to follow, were to be reformed by the sudden obscuration of the Donna; those who, in their “ambition” were in hazard of “falling on t’other side,” were plucked back by the warning prolixity of the dancers’ habiliments. *Il Don Giovanni* was performed superbly. The music deserves all that is powerful in vocal talent, and at this moment it is more nobly sustained at the King’s Theatre than it could be on any other stage in Europe. So much for the Opera; but the Ballet * * * * *

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—*The Bride of Abydos* is played, and to be played every night, having occasioned (we quote those oracles of truth the play bills) an “almost unprecedented demand for places,” and “great overflows of the audiences,” inasmuch that “no orders can possibly be admitted,” and “no money” can possibly “be returned!” Lo! here is a change o’ the sudden. All our fine theories on the sublimity of space overthrown; houses said to be overflowing, and money, of which none was formerly received, now got so surely that it is not to be parted with again. “Lord, Lord, (says some one upon the stage,) how this world is given to lying;” but the fact is, that the *Bride of Abydos* does draw rather more people to Drury-lane than went thither a fortnight or three weeks ago. It is a grand show, and may be seen once without exciting any feeling more violent than ennui; and its scenery and decorations have cost so much that it *must* be performed for some time longer, whether the public approve of it or no, especially as the Gothomites of this Theatre have nothing better to substitute in its room, when it fails to pay the expenses of the evening, which we presume to be its present situation, notwithstanding all the puffing employed to beget a contrary opinion.

With regard to the Play itself, as we are rather ambitious of being thought literary critics than connoisseurs in upholstery, and millinery, and wabbling waves of painted canvas, we have not much to add to what we wrote last week. The severest criticism that can be conceived upon it, is contained in Lord Byron’s Poem. Let any one read that, and be moved, as every one must be, by its potent witchery and soul-rending pathos; and then let them visit Drury-Lane, and if they can sit out two acts we will give them credit for as much patience as would constitute a martyr, or as little sensibility as would exonerate them from any painful emotions dependent upon the powers of poesy. We do not blame the Compiler, Mr. Dimond, for this; on the contrary, we think he deserves considerable credit for the management of his materials. But he unfortunately selected that which has produced an infinitely stronger impression in its first shape than it is possible it should produce in a dramatic form. Lord Byron’s Muse is not fit for the Stage: her qualities are of another stamp, and we should have as soon looked for Paradise

Lost being successfully adapted for representation, as any of her flights. But even in tacking the tail of the Corsair to the corpse of the Bride of Abydos, Mr. Dimond has encountered a difficulty utterly subversive of scenic illusion. In the former poem it was quite allowable that the unknown robber should seat himself in disguise at the Pacha's feast; but this is intolerable in Selim, educated as his son, and from whom he only parted in the preceding scene. All the audience perceive that a pilgrim's cloak thrown over his armour does not for an instant delude them into a notion that this person is other than Selim, and it is a gross absurdity to ask them to think that the keen-eyed Giaffier is so monstrously imposed upon. But we are falling into the error of considering this piece as if it had any pretence to probability and connection. —We hasten from the idle and foolish track.

The piece stands merely on its merits as a show: we think it a very despicable one; but this may be because we are unrelentingly hostile to that degradation of the drama, which, by substituting such performances and spectacles, is removing us entirely from every thing that raised the Stage above the booths of Bartholomew Fair, either as a moral engine, or source of rational entertainment. If we are, like grown-up babies, to have only big puppet-shows and pantomimes, let us at least descend from the high ground which has been taken in behalf of theatrical representations: —let us hear no more about shewing

“The very age and body of the time
Its form and pressure;”

or about refining the public taste, or inculcating good principles. All this is worse than nonsense, when for weeks together there is nothing to be seen but such trashy Melo-dramas as this, and Harlequin's stupid Christmas gambols, or the vapid inanities of the Turret Clock. We defy the brazen impudence of play-bills, and the sophisticated alchemy of Managers, to maintain that these are the pictures of any age or time, or are calculated to do aught but deprave even the lowest taste, and vitiate the moral perceptions. It is insulting to be preached to about the utility of the Drama, when its patent Managers thus voluntarily depose it from its rank; like Lord Peter, swearing all the while that their stale loaves are fine mutton and racy wine. We protest against it, and call on the periodical press to do its duty: —it will soon procure a remedy, and a more wholesome regimen.

COVENT GARDEN.

FAZIO. The new tragedy continues to be acted, and with some improvements on the first representation, which remove several of our grounds of intended criticism. There is still, however, scope for a few remarks; and as the history of this play's progress to the stage is rather uncommon, we may be excused for adverting to it, especially as we esteem the play itself to be about the finest tragic poem which has been produced

on the London stage since the beginning of the present century. The author, in an attempt to revive, as he says, but we know not why, “our old national drama with greater simplicity of plot,” preferred in the first instance the less perilous ordeal of the press to the ostracism of stage representation. Fazio was accordingly, as mentioned in our last Number, published by Mr. Murray, and has now reached a third edition, having gone through *two* from its poetical merits before it was adopted for acting at Covent Garden. To the third edition a notice is prefixed, stating that the performance of the tragedy at Bath and in London was entirely without the author's being consulted, and the alterations made without his sanction. We confess that we are not surprised at the latter disclaimer; for at Covent Garden they have certainly cut out some of the most beautiful passages. At Bath, as we have heard, the play was got up under very favourable auspices, and all the dramatic experience and intelligence of Messrs. Palmer and Dimond, aided by literary friends, including Mrs. Piozzi, and the suggestions (we may suppose) of the best performers, were devoted to the task of producing that effect upon the stage which Fazio does not fail to produce in the closet. —They succeeded. The piece was in the theatrical phrase a *great hit*, and Mr. Conway, whom we miss from the London boards, made a powerful impression in the hero. Stung by this example, and rightly imagining that if Miss Somerville's Bianca caused tears to flow at Bath, Miss O'Neill's Bianca could do no less in the metropolis; the play was put into rehearsal in Covent Garden. But as it might be too much honour to adopt the copy as well as the example of a provincial theatre, many alterations were made, and the Fazio of Mr. Milman, of Bath, and of London, are all widely different from each other; and competent critics give the preference to the first for reading, to the second for acting, and to the third for the personation of Bianca.

The objections we would make to this drama generally, are, the length of the speeches, so destructive of tragic interest when combined with action, and the want of gradual developement in the characters. They seem to rush on ruin without adequate inducement; and Fazio's fascination with Aldabella, and his wife's Italian revenge, are alike precipitate, and almost alike irrational, were it not that some circumstances of mitigation might be pleaded in behalf of the latter. Still these are blemishes, arising out of the simplicity upon which the author chose to model himself. The Improvisatore Philario, the flatterer Falsetto, and the fashion-monger Dandolo (who is struck out at Covent Garden), with their parasite praises and ingratitude, too nearly resemble the like characters, as Aldabella does Phrynia or Timandra, in Timon; and it is upon the two principal personages alone, that the author supports his claim to the applause we have bestowed upon his work for originality of genius.

The first defect to which we have alluded, namely, the prolixity of the dialogue, was that which, in preparing the play for representation, was chiefly to be remedied by judicious, curtailment in the most impassioned scenes, giving full scope to the poetical beauties where they did not interfere with the natural progress of the fable. This was easy; for the plot is so single, that there are not more than two or three places where the action requires to be accelerated by the retrenchment of dialogue. The chief of these is undoubtedly the Trial Scene in Act III. which was rendered almost agonizing at Bath, whereas it is with us comparatively tame and unimpressive, from the discoursing of Bianca after she has denounced and murdered her husband. The same observation applies to the first scene in the same act, where she is wounded to madness by the news of Fazio's having spent the night with Aldabella. Not even the charms of Mr. Milman's verse should here have saved it from the pruning knife; yet it is so exquisitely tender and natural, we cannot help quoting it. —

Oh, Fazio! — — — — — Oh, Fazio!
Oh, Fazio! Is her smile more sweet than mine?
Or her soul sonder? Fazio, my Lord Fazio,
Before the face of man, mine own, mine only;
Before the face of Heaven Bianca's Fazio,
Not Aldabella's! — Ah! that I should live
To question it! Now henceforth all our joys,
Our delicate endearments, all are poison'd.
Aye! if he speak my name with his fond voice,
It will be with the same tone that to her
He murmur'd hers: it will be, or 'twill seem so.
If he embrace me, 'twill be with those arms
In which he folded her: and if he kiss me,
He'll pause and think which of the two is sweeter.

All this fine as it is, should have been remorselessly expunged, for here is the crisis on which the whole depends, and the agent should hurry to the act, without moralizing upon it, or conjuring up poetical reasonings for a stimulus. This, however, is retained; and in other parts, where the same objection does not exist, we have some admirable passages struck out. For example, in the last scene, where Bianca reaches Aldabella's in the morning, as the Duke and Courtiers are retiring from an entertainment:

Ha! ye've been dancing, dancing—so have I:
But mine was heavy music, slow and solemn—
A bell, a bell: my thick blood roll'd to it,
My heart swung to and fro, a dull deep motion,

But it would occupy far too much space to detail these particular instances, and we will rather transgress our limits by copying a few of the beauties of Fazio. When Bianca comes to entreat the mediation of Aldabella to save him, she begins in these pathetic words: —

— — — — — Lady, there is one—
Fie, fie upon this choking in my throat—
One thou didst love, Giraldi Fazio;
One who loved thee, Giraldi Fazio.—
His doom'd to die, to die to-morrow morning;
And lo 'tis eve already! —

The parting scene in prison is also wonderfully affecting:

BIANCA. — Not yet—
They shall not kill thee—by my faith they shall not!

I'll clasp my arms so closely round thy neck,
That the red axe shall hew them off, ere shed
A hair of thee: I will so mingle with thee,
That they shall strike at random, and perchance
Sist me free first.

[The bell sounds, her grasp relaxes, and she stands torpid.]

FAZIO. [Kissing her, which she does not seem to be conscious of.]

Farewell, farewell, farewell!—
She does not feel, she does not feel!—Thank Heaven,
She does not feel her Fazio's last, last kiss!—
One other!—Cold as stone—sweet, sweet as roses.

BIANCA. [Slowly recovering.]

—Gone, gone! he's not air yet, not thin spirit!

He should not glide away—he is not guilty—
Ye murder and not execute—Not guilty.

We could multiply these quotations, but we shall confine ourselves to only one other; Fazio's reproof of an adulatory poet, and character of true poetry, in the language of genuine inspiration.

—Fie, Sir! O fie! 'tis fulsome.
Sir, there's a soil fit for that rank weed flattery
To trail its poisonous and obscene clusters:
A poet's soul should bear a richer fruitage—
The Aennits grew not in Eden. Thou,
That thou, with lips tippt with fire of heaven,
Th' excurive eye, that in its earth-wide range
Drinks in the grandeur and the loveliness,
That breathes along this high-wrought world of man

That hast within thee apprehensions strong
Of all that's pure, and passionless, and heavenly—
That thou, a rapid and a mawkish parasite,
Shouldst pipe to that witch Fortune's favourites!
'Tis coarse—'tis sickly—'tis as though the eagle
Should spread his sail-broad wings to flap a
daughill!

As though a pale and withering pestilence
Should ride the golden chariot of the Sun;
As one should use the language of the Gods
To chatter loose and ribbald brotherly—

It is curious to remark phrases or words of which authors are so fond as to employ them out of all fair proportion: *in sooth* is, we observe, Mr. Milman's favourite.

Having dilated so much on the play, we can say but little on the performances. Miss O'Neill is very great, without being very pathetic. We admire her tragic powers more than we are melted by her appeal to our passions. The sorrows of Bianca draw few tears. Mr. C. Kemble's Fazio is also highly finished and correct; but does not reach our conception of the part, as we formed it in our study. He seizes our imagination in many passages, but the general outline is colder than we expected from his talents. His Fazio is far inferior to his Macduff or Edgar.

The great size of our theatres must, however, be considered as extremely unfavourable, not only to a play of this pure kind, but to the actors who appear in it; and though the merits of Fazio are of so high a class, we question that it will ever be as popular as it ought to be on the London boards, although the play bills

state that it has produced *electrical effects*. Heaven save the audience between gas lights and electricity!

ORATORIO—DRURY-LANE. — For the same reason which has restricted our account of the Italian Opera, we must be brief here. The selection on Wednesday was, for the first act, a fragment of *Acis and Galatea*; very scientific and deadening. The music, with all its hereditary reputation, as worthy of oblivion as if it had been compiled any time within the last twenty years, and loaded with the names of Messrs. A. B. C. or any of the celebrated English composers of our day. The second act was miscellaneous, and was the treat of the night. It introduced Miss CORRI, whom, with all deference, we hope never to hear attempt to struggle through our innocent and rugged vernacular tongue, however unintelligible she may make it, to the last hour of her popularity. Here, however, we were left at liberty to love and listen, for her song "Oh, Quanto l'Anima," perhaps the most exquisite cavatina that was ever composed—one of the stars of CATALANI's diadem, and now transmitted to her young pupil with scarcely an enfeebled ray: it was performed with singular brilliancy, taste, and feeling. Miss CORRI, accustomed to sing in orchestras, here throws out her voice with richer and more powerful volume than in the lonely and appalling vastness of the King's Theatre. She still wants the full command and the mature vigour; but her voice has a tone that we thought must be *born out of England*—clear, sweet, crystalline. BRAHAM sung admirably a duet with Mrs. SALMON, whose voice is as regularly sweet as her head is irresistibly bent on one side,—turning her own to turn those of others,—the old Horatian rule of sympathy, "Si vis me flere." DROUET exhibited his talents on the flute, and demonstrated that he was one of the best players on one of the feeblest instruments in the whole "armoury of soft and solemn touches."

"That make our tears our pastime, and do steal
The brain through the ears." —

ORATORIO—COVENT GARDEN. — There are also Oratorios at this Theatre, under the direction of Messrs. ASHLEY; but of these we cannot speak personally, not having yet attended them.

HIGHLAND MUSIC AND DANCING. — An entertainment consisting of broadsword exercises, Highland dancing, and bagpipe playing, was on Monday evening attempted at the Lyceum, but without success. Indeed, every thing seemed to be wanting to ensure that result, except the wishes of those who projected this new species of theatrical exhibition. The bagpipe is no music for a playhouse: the only theatre where it can be heard to advantage, is on the arena of nature, diversified with wild dell and steep mountain, and perhaps accompanied by the roar of dashing torrents. The piercing pibroch and harsh drone,

must be mellowed by distance to be endured by the ear of man, however the heart may beat to national associations, and the soul leap at the martial Gathering, time, place, and circumstance united, which called our ancestors to glory, in victory or in death. All these ideas are frittered to feebleness and absurdity on the strait boards of a snug-roofed Opera House. We could have been well pleased to see that display of local manners, which consisted in gymnastic sports, and the representation of a Northern Wedding; but when the mere refuse of the other theatres were produced to figure in these parts, the only recommendation which the performances could have had, was lost; and we were not surprised that the whole should fail and fall to the ground.

THE new Comic Opera announced at Covent Garden, from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, is founded on Madame de Genlis' interesting story of ZUMA, *ou la decouverte de Quinquina*, which our readers will find translated in Nos. 25 and 26 of the *Literary Gazette*. It was admired as a narrative, and seems to be well calculated for dramatic effect. The discovery of the Jesuits bark is, however, a curious incident on which to construct a full piece, and it is not probable that a subject so full of pun-provoking will elicit more critical wit than the public is accustomed to, or than the author may like. We deprecate, a priori, every allusion to *barking*, and *dosing*, and *bitterness*.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The internal state of the country has chiefly occupied the attention of Parliament since our last. We are sorry to see party questions so exclusively consume the time which might be usefully employed in legislating on subjects of public economy, domestic improvement, and national importance. Much discussion has taken place about the quantum of instigation which spies and informers are alleged to have employed to stir up the disaffected of last year to actual rebellion. Common sense and observation seem to say, that very little excitement was necessary; but it is likely enough that some of these worthies exceeded their commissions. The Scotch trials have also been re-tried; and another Secret Committee appointed, preparatory, we suppose, to a Bill of Indemnity. The Treaty with Spain underwent one night's debate, and was, we think, fully justified, as one of great national pride, wisdom, and honour. We cannot say, however, that we assent to the justice of an argument adduced by Mr. Wilberforce, though it seemed to be cheered by the House; namely, that the 400,000*l.* paid for the extinct-

tion of the Slave-trade, would be a tax of only about *two pence* per man on the British population. It is not the amount which proves the eligibility or impropriety of such transactions; and did not this treaty stand on far better grounds, it is not that only one day's bread should be taken from a hungry mouth to fulfil it, which should reconcile either statesmen or the people to its terms. But the treaty is as expedient and prudent as it is just and ennobling.

From the high price which grain has kept up, in spite of our late abundant harvest, the ports of this country will be open to importation for the next quarter, commencing to-morrow.

There are reports abroad of some excesses committed on persons under the protection of the Foreign Consuls, by the new Dey of Algiers; but they do not yet appear to be sufficiently authenticated to deserve detail. Our readers ought to be aware, that some knight-errants are on the *qui-vive* for another Algerine Expedition, and that every rumour from this source is exaggerated, and blazoned about with tremendous clamour. It is necessary to guard against efforts to swell private wrongs into national injuries: we would never suffer one affront to our country to pass unredressed or unpunished; but hot-headed or interested folly alone would hurry us into expensive measures, without adequate provocation.

Thistlewood, the man tried with Dr. Watson, having sent a challenge to Lord Sidmouth, the noble Secretary has thought it advisable to swear the peace against him. The scoffers exclaim, *Dignus vindice nodus*. The offender has been arrested.

Of a mixed nature, between politics and science, a Society has been formed for the furtherance, by public subscription, of the measure recommended in the Royal Speech, respecting the erection of Churches. Every thing of this sort is now done by calling a meeting at a tavern; having commendatory speeches made; publishing the proceedings in the newspapers; and gratifying human vanity, by advertising the list of subscribers. We will not however quarrel with these means, provided the object, as in the present instance, be good. We only smile at the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury presiding at a Tavern Meeting; and with all our hearts applaud his purpose, and wish it the utmost success. Only

one suggestion we deem requisite, and it is that a fair and honourable competition be opened for our native artists on this occasion. Architecture languishes in this great country, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the building of these churches may not be made *Parish Jobs*.

VARIETIES.

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.

Death of L. Burkhard.

Bale, Jan. 17.

Accounts recently received from Cairo, state that *M. Louis Burkhard*, youngest son of Colonel *Gedeone Burkhard*, died there of a dysentery, under his assumed name of *Sheik Ibrahim*. *M. Louis Burkhard* some years ago visited England, when his ardent and enterprising disposition, joined to a strong desire for attaining knowledge, induced him to offer his services to the English Society for Promoting Discoveries in the interior of Africa. Having learned the languages, and collected all the information necessary for such a journey, he proceeded to Cairo in order to join the caravan which travels every year from Tombuctoo, and to penetrate into that country which has hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans. But the agitations which arose in that part of the world retarded the arrival of the caravan for the space of a year. With the help of his Mussulman dress and his perfect knowledge of the Arabic and Turkish languages, *M. Burkhard* made various new and important discoveries, an account of which will probably be published by the English society. At length the caravan, which had been so long and so impatiently looked for, arrived; but before *M. Burkhard* could make the necessary arrangements for his departure, he was attacked with the disorder which proved the cause of his death. Though residing in so distant a part of the world, his attachment for his native country remained unabated; in the course of last winter he sent to this city a considerable sum of money to be applied to the relief of the poor.

TALMA returned to the Theatre Francais about a fortnight ago, and there was a good deal of opposition to his reception from the Parisians, who are angry at his long absence in the provinces. He played *Coriolanus*, and when he came to the passage—

Adieu, Rome; je pars—

A sharp voice added from the parterre,
Pour les departments.

A Dr. Mollie pretends to cure apoplexy by slapping the face of the patient briskly with the open hand. This remedy is at least as dangerous to the physician as to the sufferer, since, on reviving, he is likely to be called on to give *satisfaction* for the honour injured by so unpolite an application.

THE following distich has been written on the success of a piece at the Theatre-Francais, the author of which, *M. Marsollier*, like our *Tobin*, was dead before his merits were acknowledged.

Pendant toute sa vie on le fit enragé,
Et depuis qu'il est mort on veut l'encourager.
"While he lived they hissed his plays,
But dead, encourage him with praise."

THE *Fifth* Edition of a heavy work was lately advertised, at which a person expressing some surprise, was answered by one in the secret—"It is the only way to sell the First!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Contents of the Journal des Savans for January 1818. Major Rennell on the Expedition of Cyrus, reviewed by *M. Letronne*.—*J. Rasmussen*, *Historia Precipuum*, *Arabum Regnovum*, &c. by *M. Silvestre de Sacy*.—Davis's Translation of "An Heir in his Old Age; a Chinese drama, by *M. Remusat*.—*St. Croix's* *Researches into the Mysteries of Paganism* (2d edition) by *M. Daunou*.—Walckenaer, on the Natural History of Solitary Bees, by *M. Tessier*.—*Lemercier's* Analytical Course of General Literature, by *M. Raynouard*.—Frehn on some ancient Bulgarian Coins (in Latin), by *M. Silvestre de Sacy*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

FEBRUARY.

Thursday, 5.—Thermometer from 26 to 41.

Barometer from 29, 70 to 29, 93.

Wind S.W. ½.—Morning overcast, noon clear, afternoon and evening rather cloudy.

Friday, 6.—Thermometer from 25 to 37.

Barometer from 30, 10 to 30, 15.

Wind W. by N. 0.—The day remarkably fine.

Saturday, 7.—Thermometer from 28 to 38.

Barometer from 30, 23 to 30, 20.

Wind S. W. 0.—A fog through the day, it became so thick in the evening that it was dangerous: torches absolutely needful with every carriage on the road.

Sunday, 8.—Thermometer from 24 to 31.

Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 14.

Wind W. by N. W. and S. W. 0.—A fog through the day; rather thinned in the evening, and became clear by nine.

Monday, 9.—Thermometer from 21 to 32.

Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 21.

Wind S. W. 0.—A fog through the day; the sun appearing in the afternoon, and rime falling off the trees.

Tuesday, 10.—Thermometer from 22 to 34.

Barometer from 30, 20 to 30, 25.

Wind N. E. and E. by S. ½.—Fog and haze through the day. Rime falling off, without sun.

Wednesday, 11.—Thermometer from 29 to 26.

Barometer from 30, 34 to 30, 39.

Wind E. and E. by N. ½.—Generally overcast. The sun shone for a few minutes in the afternoon. The ice, with this timely frost, has been full an inch thick upon large ponds and canals.

Latitude 51. 37. 32 N.

Longitude 3. 51 W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

• All Nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.

Thomson, B. IV. l. 704.

Bensley and Sons, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.